

*The Progress*

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Our Store will be open until 9 o'clock every night this week. You are cordially invited to come and see our Christmas goods.

# CHRISTMAS

We are showing an elegant assortment of useful and handsome articles, suitable for Christmas presents, at prices that you can afford to pay.

We are showing the finest and best stock of Clothing in the city. But that is not all, our display of NECKWEAR, SUSPENDERS, SHIRTS, UMBRELLAS, etc., for the Holiday trade are unsurpassed and at reasonable prices.



## MEN'S... OVERCOATS

Our Overcoats at \$10 are like the garments sold by other houses for \$15.

At \$15 we are showing the strongest line of Overcoats in the city.

At \$20 and \$25 you can buy an Overcoat equal in every respect to those made to measure for \$35 and \$40. They will make a

Handsome Christmas Present.



## MEN'S... SUITS

\$10! What big meaning it has in our Suit Department! They are our perfect fitting all-wool Suits, and simply save you a \$5 bill.

\$15 takes choice of hundreds of fine Suits, artistic in style and workmanship, all sizes.

\$20 and \$25 buys Suits that are all you can ask for in a \$35 or \$40 custom-made Suit.

Every Suit will make an

Elegant Christmas Present.

## BOYS' CLOTHES

Newest designs in Nobby Reefers.



Handsome Cape Overcoats, warm Ulsters, stylish Overcoats.

Serviceable and nobby Suits in all the latest and newest fabrics.

Neckwear, Waists, Gloves and Leggings; in fact, everything for children's wear.

Many useful articles that will make a

Beautiful Christmas Present.

# The Progress Clothing House

THEY ALL LOOK FOR IT: She will look to see if OUR



STAMP is on the inside of the Gloves you give.

## GLOVES...

Our Stamp in Glove and on Package.

## Ladies' Gloves

LADIES' KID GLOVES in 4-8-12-16-20 button. LADIES' MITTENS in Mocha, Kid, Silk and Wool. LADIES' FUR GLOVES with Gauntlets.

## Gentlemen's Gloves

GENTLEMEN'S KID GLOVES, celebrated makes—Alexander and Dent's. GENTLEMEN'S FUR GAUNTLETS. GENTLEMEN'S MAMMOTH LINE OF LINED GLOVES.

## Children's Gloves

MISSSES' 4-BUTTON 5-HOOK KID GLOVES. Also a comprehensive line of Lined Kid and Mocha Gloves and Mittens. BOYS' KID GLOVES in Lined or Unlined.

## Selected Line

LADIES', GENTLEMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S

Hosiery and Handkerchiefs

"Prices that sell the Goods"

Handkerchiefs make very acceptable presents.

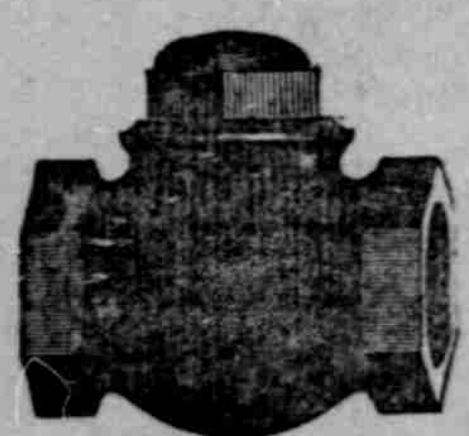
# Tucker's Glove Store, Tucker's Glove Store,

10 East Washington Street.

GLOVES, HOSIERY AND HANDKERCHIEFS—Exclusively.

10 East Washington Street.

GLOVES—Exclusively.



THE McELWAIN-RICHARDS CO., WROUGHT-IRON PIPE and BOILER TUBES. Natural-Gas Supplies, Cast Iron, Malleable Iron, Brass, Hydraulic and Ammonia Fittings, METRIC METAL CO'S Meters for Natural and Artificial Gas. STEAM, GAS and WATER GOODS. Fitters' Tools, Packing, Belting and Steam Specialties. Plumbers and Mill Supplies. General Agents for SNOW STEAM PUMP WORKS. 62 & 64 WEST MARYLAND ST.

## CHRISTMAS TREE ORNAMENTS

Stands for Trees

## CANDY BASKETS AND BOXES

## CHARLES MAYER & CO.

29 & 31 West Washington Street.

Sunday Journal, by Mail, \$2 a Year

## SLUM SISTERS' WORK

LIFE SKETCHES BY MRS. M. B. BOOTH, OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

Light Thrown on the Darkness of Sin and Crime—Some Pathetic Scenes and Incidents in the Slums.

A few months ago at the close of one of our Salvation Army meetings the Captain noticed among the lingering crowd a pitiable object. She was a young girl not nineteen years of age, and yet sunk to such low depths that her condition was too awful for any pen to rightly describe it. Knowing full well at a glance that she was an outcast, the Captain talked to her lovingly and invited her to go with her at once to our Rescue Home. She reached there about 11 o'clock at night, and the officers who received her told me that so frightful was her condition that they wondered that anyone had had the courage to remain in the horse car in which she had come to the home. Her clothes, which were ragged, were also of the scantiest, and were filthy in the extreme. Her face was emaciated and her body wasted, and it took them from 11 o'clock until past 2 the next morning to get her into a clean enough condition to be put in one of the snowy white beds of the Rescue Home. While they were tenderly washing her poor wreck of a body she looked at them with faces with an expression of surprised gratitude and said: "Oh, I ought to be a good girl after all this."

When they thought they had got her thoroughly clean they lifted her long hair to curl it round her head, and found to their horror that the poor scalp was covered with deep wounds, the condition of which I cannot describe. They then had to turn to and cut her hair as close as possible, and it was so matted and tangled and uncared for that as they cut the tresses stood up stiff with their own filthy condition. For days afterward it needed the greatest self-control and loving endurance on the part of the officers to dress the wounds and care for this poor, neglected waif.

On learning her history we found that she had gone so far on this downward road that she had really drank the very dregs of the bitter cup. She had become such an outcast that even the lost had turned against her, and for nights she had no shelter to sleep in, having to hide on the wharves and sleep as best she could in out-of-sight corners beneath the pitying stars of heaven. Driven out from the lowest saloons, shunned by the most disreputable of her class, she had indeed been brought to the very verge of desperation. What a wonderful change it must have been to her to be welcomed in the beautiful, bright Rescue Home that the Salvation Army has dedicated to just such cases, not only to become the inmate of one of the thirty-two comfortable little white beds, but to have loving words spoken to her and tender solicitude shown for her welfare, both physical and spiritual.

Another case I saw myself at our headquarters, No. 111 Regde street. It was bitterly cold weather, and the poor creature had strayed into our store to get warmed by the stove. She made me think more of a tired, hunted animal than of a human being. She had only two garments, a dirty bedraggled skirt that hung round her in rags, and an old sack which was literally moldy with age, and through the rents of which the wind could penetrate to her unprotected skin. She had no hat, and her head was covered with an unkempt thatch of hair. She was drunk, but from the incoherent story we learnt that she had lived for many weeks around the docks in the lowest portion of Brooklyn. I believe that her mind had already given way, for the strange wildness in her eyes, and the way in which she started and glared at the approach of any man, spoke forcibly of insanity. We gave her some breakfast, and some of our officers talked with her lovingly, but it seemed impossible to penetrate her poor befogged mind, and, as I have before said, when any of our men officers or employees passed near her she would start and turn as if to flee from some enemy. We could gather but little of her story. She seemed to have gone too far for the word "hope" or "love" to make the slightest impression upon her, and before we could prevail upon her to go to our Rescue Home she had darted from the building and away into the streets of New York. Alas, there are some cases that, with all our hope and unshaken faith in God's mercy, we meet with too late for us to be able to make them understand that there is hope for the vilest.

A HOPELESS DEATH SCENE.

Our workers in the slums were requested by one of their neighbors to visit a sick girl, who was, as they expressed it, "in a very bad way." In a little garret in the poorest, lowest portion of New York where they have the joy to live for Christ's sake, they found a girl dying of consumption, one of those rapid cases which are so frequent among the girls of this class. They recognized her as one they knew by name and by sight, though her poor face was sadly changed from when they saw her last in the house of shame in which she had been for some time an inmate. They had talked with her then with other companions, but she with them had seemed careless and hardened. Soon after the last visit she had been taken suddenly ill. She had left the house and had taken up her abode in this wretched garret. It was very small, only just room for the cot-bed, a chair and a table, and it was devoid of other furniture, or the slightest trace of comfort. The eaves hung low so that they almost touched the head of the bed. The place was poorly ventilated and dirty. After rendering the necessary care, giving her food, bathing her hands and face, and trying to brighten her room, they began to plead with her very earnestly about her soul, seeing plainly that a few short hours would send that soul out into the darkness of an unknown future. "Too late, too late," she gasped with difficulty from her failing breath; "there is no hope for me now—I'm lost. There might have been hope but I'm too sick to think, too sick to pray, it's all no good now. I'm lost—lost." And then with an effort, turning to some of her former companions who stood by, she said: "Listen to what the sisters say; there's time for you. Do leave this life before it's too late—before you get where I am, for you see I'm lost, and I'm dying. There's no hope for me." They pleaded with her and prayed with her, but fainter and more faintly came that same sad answer: "There's no hope now. I'm lost." The next day they did the last kind offices for the poor dead outcast woman who was her only friend around the rough coffin before she was carried to Potter's Fields. At the foot of this coffin lay a pillow of white roses. To the pillow was attached a little card, upon which was written: "With the compliments of Mr. and Mrs. and in immortal the word 'Rest' stood out amid the white roses."

THE PRECIOUS METALS WERE NOT ABUNDANT UNTIL ABOUT 150 B. C.

Fortnightly Review. Unlike the Greeks and Jews, the Romans were not particularly gifted with the commercial instinct, and they were a poor and frugal people, using a copper coinage. Silver was not introduced until long after the Punic wars, nor did the precious metals become abundant until after the fall of Carthage, more than a century after the death of Cato, however, and that of Cicero, in the year 45 B. C., a complete social revolution took place. Treasures poured in from many conquered countries, the accumulations grew to be vast under Julius Caesar, and under Augustus, when the civilization culminated, the flood was at the full, and the currency was made bimetallic.

Meanwhile natural selection did its relentless work, and the capital was concentrated in the hands of those who were economically the strongest, and a fortune was made. Even so late as the fifth century families of the second-rank had incomes of that amount.

Of all the ways under the empire in which moneyed capital could be employed none seemed so lucrative as that of the trade of the money lender. At home politics suffered fabulous sums. Mark Antony, who still a youth, owed \$50,000, while Caesar owed a million and a quarter before he held an office. Added to this was the general extravagance. A man of moderate fortune, like Caesar, for example, usually lived beyond his means, and was in constant difficulty with his creditors.

Yet Rome was comparatively a poor field, for the rate of interest was not customarily more than 2 per cent., and was often lower. It was in the provinces that the rich harvest was reaped, for the fiscal system was so oppressive that the inhabitants had to have money at any price, and they were sorely squeezed through many generations. Verres lent at 24 per cent. in Sicily, Brutus at 48 per cent. in Cyprus, while Seneca, who was worth about \$120,000, made usurious contracts in Britain.

The bitter irony of this and its ghastliness have always struck me very forcibly, for this token of sympathy for the dead girl was sent by the keepers of the house of shame where she had lived her miserable life of an outcast, and through whose doors of death she had passed to a life that made rest impossible, and robbed her of the purity of which those white roses were the mocking emblem. Many such deaths occur unheard of and unrecorded, and many, many a one hastens the hour of relief by poison, or a desperate plunge into the river of death, and we who come so closely into contact with their lives do not wonder that they take this last fatal step. It is more a wonder to us than to them that they should have passed to a life that made rest impossible, and robbed her of the purity of which those white roses were the mocking emblem.

Alas, the outcast of to-day is too often the scapegoat for the sins of others. Many and many a time she is the innocent victim of the treachery and heartlessness of some fiend in human form, and until the common justice is done to rank-fallen men and fallen women together this cruel and unjust state of things will continue. There should be one law and one sentiment on this matter. If society ostracizes the woman it should not ostracize the man; he should not be allowed to escape unscathed the woman who has fallen is unworthy to become the happy wife and mother of a blessed family, then certainly the one who thrust her out of these privileges should be considered unfit to become the husband of one of the fair daughters of our land or the father of innocent children to whom he will bequeath a heritage of sorrow and shame. We can have no hope of really effective eradication of the social evil until both law and society treat him with the rigor and relentlessness that is now shown to her. Laws cannot be altered in a day. Society's views on purity and Christian charity cannot be revolutionized at one stroke, and until the ideas of community are rectified, and the hearts of still more are touched by the pure, inspiring Christ love, we can save the ones and twos. We can snuff out the enemy's grass some of those who have found, alas, too often, that their own feeble efforts have been met by cruel rebuff that has pushed them back again to a hopeless doom.

## THE ARMY'S USEFUL WORK.

This work is of all the work of woman. Alas, that we should find her often the most unforgiving to her unhappy sisters. Never having known the temptations of an unshielded life, never having realized how easy it is to fall and how hard to gain one's feet again, she looks upon all on whose brow the brand has fallen as outcast by their own fault, brazen, impure creatures, who should be loathed and shunned. It is the hearts of women that have been and will be the loving sympathy of the Christ who must become the hope of the outcast. It is their love and sympathy, their lives of consecration, that shall lead their sisters, not for judgment to the bar of God, but to the feet of Christ, where they shall hear His own verdict, "Go in peace and sin no more." In just this way the Salvation Army has been wonderfully useful; all over the world its rescue operations have been pushed with ardor and energy. Its workers do not only open homes into which these outcasts are invited to enter and find shelter and love, and sympathy, but they follow them into their haunts, they walk the streets with them at midnight, and talk with them under the glare of the electric light. They plead with them and pray over them in saloons and dives, and seek to become acquainted with them in the very houses of shame. This builds up a bridge of confidence which proves a great help in their ultimate redemption. A very large percentage of the cases which go through our rescue homes prove satisfactory. For instance, in one of our more recently opened homes, out of sixty-five cases fifty-five were satisfactory, and in another out of 174 cases sixty-three only proved unsatisfactory. To any who are accustomed to this work, at a glance it will be seen what a large percentage this is, especially when it is borne in mind that many of these cases were drinking and drug cases for many years, and several among them were considerably over thirty.

The lines upon which the Salvation Army works in this direction are, I think, one of its greatest causes of success.

First, it fully believes in the wonderful power of God to save and reform the most outcast.

Secondly, it shows most plainly to the outcast herself that no turning over of a new leaf, no mere reform of life is sufficient, but that there must be a change of heart, and that the broken, blighted life must be brought to Christ for that healing which He alone can give.

Thirdly, the work is done out of love, not by mere hirelings, or with pity or patronage, but by the loving, patient effort of those who are willing to consider themselves friends, neighbors, aye, sisters of the most degraded.

It seems to me, as I look out upon this great army of outcasts of whom it is estimated that there are 22,000,000, and marked in the United States alone, that the work of reclaiming and saving them from their miserable present, and their still darker future, is a work that the very angels would covet.

May the Christ spirit and the Christ desire enter into the heart of every Christian woman who may read these lines, that she may stretch a loving hand to every outcast she meets, and turn a compassionate glance upon those who too long have been hardened by the glance of scorn, and driven from light and purity by condemnation.

## MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH.

MONEY OF THE ROMANS.

The Precious Metals Were Not Abundant Until About 150 B. C.

Fortnightly Review.

Unlike the Greeks and Jews, the Romans were not particularly gifted with the commercial instinct, and they were a poor and frugal people, using a copper coinage. Silver was not introduced until long after the Punic wars, nor did the precious metals become abundant until after the fall of Carthage, more than a century after the death of Cato, however, and that of Cicero, in the year 45 B. C., a complete social revolution took place. Treasures poured in from many conquered countries, the accumulations grew to be vast under Julius Caesar, and under Augustus, when the civilization culminated, the flood was at the full, and the currency was made bimetallic.

## BUDDHA'S FOLLOWERS

WONDERFUL STATUES, TEMPLES AND QUEER PRIESTS OF THE SECT.

Revival of the Faith in Japan—Missionaries for America—How Buddhists Work for Their Religion.

(Copyright, 1894, by Frank G. Carpenter.) It will be a surprise to many to know that there is a strong Buddhist revival going on in the Japanese empire. The church has been stirred up by the invasion of the missionaries, and within recent years Buddhist papers have been organized, and the Japanese press is full of articles about religious matters. A movement was started some time ago for the establishment of a Buddhist theological course in the Imperial University at Tokyo, and some of the priests would like to make it the state religion. They even talk of sending missionaries to the United States, and also to the Asiatic countries, including China, and Korea, and India. Last spring a famous Buddhist of Ceylon visited Japan and described the backward condition of the faith in India, whereupon some of the richest of the Buddhists took a famous image of Buddha, which was celebrated throughout Japan, and shipped it off to India, in order that it might be put in the Temple of Buddha Gaya, on the site where the founder of the religion had his great fight with the evil ones and conquered. This statue was seven hundred years old, and it was a work of fine art. One of the Buddhist archbishops of Japan went with it, and when he got there the high priest of the temple refused to let the image be put in. He had several thousand men about him, and he was ready to enforce his refusal with bloodshed. This matter has created great excitement among the Buddhists of Japan, and some of them insist that the Hindu priest must be dismissed, and they want the government to step up the matter. The Buddhists intended the sending of the statue to be the beginning of a revival of Buddhism in India, and they will not probably let the matter rest as it is.

## MYRIADS OF BUDDHISTS.

It will be surprising to many to know the vast number of Buddhists there are in the world. It is, you know, the chief religion of Siam, Burmah, Japan, Korea and India. There are in Japan 72,000 Buddhist temples, and in the city of Kioto, which is about as big as Washington, there are 3,500 temples which are devoted to this religion. Some of the most gorgeous temples of the world are the wonderful structures in which Buddha is worshipped at Bangkok in Siam, and I saw at Rangoon in Burmah the famous structure known as the Golden Pagoda, which is said to rest over several of the actual hairs which came from Buddha's head. It is a mountain of gold, or rather, of brick and stone plastered over with gold leaf. It is built upon a mighty platform, and its base is about a quarter of a mile in circumference, and these terraces of gold go upward in bell-like stories to a height greater than that of any church spire or any structure in this country, excepting the Washington monument. It has a base of fourteen acres, and on its top there is a great golden umbrella, to the ribs of which jewels are hung. The weight of this vast structure is plated with gold as fine as any ever put into an American tooth. It is hundreds of years old, and it has been plated again and again, and there are undoubtedly millions of metal mixed with the brick and plaster of which it is made. One king of Burmah vowed that he would give his weight in gold to this monument if Buddha would grant him something that he wanted. Buddha accepted the proposition. At least, his wish became true, and when he hopped on the imperial scales it is said that he registered 170 pounds. The vow cost him just about \$45,000 in gold leaf. Well, this great monument is now being regilded, and a small fortune is being put into its restoration. I visited temples in China which contained thousands of little gold Buddhas, and there is one at Nanking which I saw last spring in which there were 10,000 gods under one roof. The carvers there were very small gods, but the priests told me that they actually numbered 10,000, and all were plated with gold leaf. During my stay in Siam I saw a most interesting temple devoted to Buddha, a part of which was carpeted with woven silver, and I found a very lively monastery in Korea in which there were hundreds of monks. Throughout the whole Eastern world the finest of the temples and the fattest of the priests are those of the Buddhists of the East, though the faith may be sleeping, it is by no means dead. I do not know whether it is due to their religion or not, but the Buddhists of the East are in most respects, kind and gentle one toward another. The Japanese people are the soul of refinement, and you see many old faces which you would not object to having among your ancestral portraits. A great deal has been written about the young girls of Japan. The old women are to me quite as charming and I have seen old couples whose gray hair and wrinkles shone with the beauty of the kindly soul within them.

## JAPAN'S NEW BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

Perhaps the finest and costliest temple that is being erected in the world to-day is the Higashi Hongwanji Temple, which is now being built in Kioto. It has been a long time under construction, but it is rapidly approaching completion, and when it is finished it will have cost, all told, something like \$5,000,000. Think of that! Eight million dollars for a church! I don't believe we have one in the United States that has cost as much, and I know we have none that have been built in such a curious way. A large part of it has been the work of charity. The carpenters, the carvers and other artists have come from all parts of the country, and have worked a certain number of weeks for the temple for nothing. It has been about fifteen years in building, and when I first saw it six years ago there were forty acres of sneds about it, in which hundreds of men were carrying up great logs, which had been imported from the island of Formosa, into boards and hundreds of carvers were turning other logs into real works of fine art. Everything was done by hand, and immense beams, such as would be a load for a team of Norman horses, were being carried up onto the top of the structure by women and men. A road about fifteen feet wide had been built upon a scaffolding, making an inclined plane running clear to the roof of the structure, and a hundred or so men would catch hold of one of these logs and carry it up on their backs. There was then, and there is still, an immense scaffolding about the temple made of thousands of poles tied together with rope, and these poles were of all sizes, from that of a fishing rod up to a telegraph pole. They looked very insecure to me, but I was told that they were perfectly safe, and all of the scaffolding used by the Japanese is made in this way. Think of building a structure costing millions of dollars and carrying risks or machinery of any kind, and